









mission accomplished and our earthly robe slowly worn, to fall from among men, leaving some legacy of thought or good example—surely akin to those higher aspirations which stretch far away into the light of eternity, "along the line of limitless desires."

## A TEPID AQUARIUM.

EVERY one knows, by sad experience, the uncomfortable state into which body and mind sometimes fall, when the one requires a change of air, and the other a change of occupation. He who has been too long in cities pent, whose eyes have been overtasked by nightly watchings, and whose brain has been dulled by the monotony, or excited by the hurry, of labour, finds a languor stealing over his frame, a film clouding his intellect, which cannot be overcome or dispersed except by a painful effort. Life begins to lose its attractions, and a mysterious gloom half eclipses its sunlight. The past assumes a preternaturally sombre aspect, a chilling fog gathers around the present, and the future becomes lost in lowering clouds, or illumined by the lurid light of storms. The least exertion is a source of pain, the slightest exercise of the mind becomes distasteful. Twinges, suggestive of fearful diseases, shoot across the tired body; strange tremors, forebodings of terrible disasters, invade the wearied mind. Weird voices whisper hereditary maladies to the mental ear, ghastly fingers direct the spiritual eye to unmistakable symptoms of mania or imbecility. The sufferer directs his attention to completing his will and setting his house in order; gloomy visions of yews and cypresses swim before his eyes, and he begins to dwell with a sad fondness on the idea of himself as a lamented defunct, circled round by a dark group of disconsolate friends. For these imaginary woes and real discomforts, many remedies have been prescribed. The favourites with doctors have always been the ghastly blue pill and the fetid black draught; but their exhibition does not entirely exhaust the malice of the faculty. We might enumerate the hideous company of horrors, each attended by its own particular nausea, but it is better, like the poet in the infernal regions, merely to glance at them, and pass on. Better is it to dwell upon the more pleasing sources of health recommended by kinder advisers—the change of air, the alteration of diet, the escape from toil, the flight from care; to fill the mind with images of mountain freedom and seaside brightness; of tangled lanes and woven copse, sweeping moor and bounding wave; to revel in the thoughts of home delights and foreign wonders, and to gloat over the imaginary charms of unwonted fish, and novel fish, and unaccustomed fowl. These are good to think upon, and of all these we have heard much of late. It may be well to draw at present the picture of a spot which offers, together with these attractions, others of a different kind, and which is eminently adapted for the alleviation of the actual and fictitious miseries to which allusion has been made above. Those who have already visited it will be glad to be for a period conducted there again, and all to whom its name is unknown ought to be grateful to the guide who points out to them its hiding place.

It is situated where, after winding at its ease along a rich and smiling vale, the River Derwent enters a gloomy gorge. On either hand rise lofty heights, faced upon one side by precipitous walls of limestone, which gleam like marble when the sun strikes full upon them, or the moon steps them in her silver light, and which stand out in bold relief from among the luxuriant foliage of the trees by which they are half concealed, and under whose spreading branches the water is seen gleaming here and there. From this gorge the river emerges, only to enter a second pass, in which it is equally overhung by trees and crags, the stone blazing with light at noonday, or looming indistinctly through the evening mist, the leaves sparkling above and casting cool shadows below, refreshing the jaded eye with their green tints, or burning with the splendours of autumnal gold and fire. On every side, hills arise, or moorlands sweep away into the horizon, and a hundred high places offer views of tortuous valleys sprinkled here and there with cottages built of grey stone, and enlivened by flowers and creeping shrubs, and of swelling ridges rising beyond ridges, their dark outlines relieved against backgrounds of pale vapour or smoke.

Let us ascend one of these hills, and make acquaintance with the singular edifices which are dotted about the slope, and the people who inhabit them. It is a hard pull up the steep rock which leads from the level ground on which the little railway station is situated; but the purer air we breathe as we climb higher, and the widening landscape which unrolls itself at our feet, well reward us for our labour. Let us pause beside the large house on the left hand side of the way, and after examining its quaint exterior, proceed to investigate its still stranger internal arrangements. From the road it looks like a hybrid building, uniting the characteristics of a factory, a workhouse, and a barrack—high walls of monotonous grey stone, pierced with small windows peering out in rows, the only objects which relieve its deadness; but its front aspect is of an entirely different nature. A double row of terraces abutting on a garden slope; long corridors with gravel walks beside them; a range of extensive rooms, the front of which is formed of glass, glittering all day while the sun is shining, and at night seen far across the valley when lighted up from within, and above them tier above tier of windows, with a balcony in front of each set, all fantastically coloured, gaudily gleaming with red and blue and gold. Such are the principal features of the house, behind which a huge chimney pours forth a column of smoke, and around which murmur ever and anon the hoarse voices of wheels and engines. Hither come visitors from all parts of England, but chiefly from the North. The proprietor has no occasion to expend money in advertisements. Throughout the neighbouring counties his name is a household word, and all the year round a stream of guests pour steadily through his portals. Old and young, seriously ill or slightly ailing, they come to gain health here, for this is one of our chief hydropathic establishments. Summer and winter, spring and autumn, seven or eight score of patients are to be found here, and few appear to go away without deriving benefit from their stay. If it were only for the pure air, the varied scenery, the freedom from anxiety and care, the cheerful society, and the simple food, all of which they meet with here, they might well expect to improve in health; but, in addition to this, they are put through a regular course of treatment. While they are inmates of the establishment, they are expected to live as teetotallers, and to abstain from such stimulants as wine, tobacco, cards, and quadrilles. They are made to rise early and to go to bed betimes; and in the hope that they may be led back to childhood's health, they are restricted to such food as they became familiar with in childhood's

days. The pottage and milk which, perhaps, delighted the infant mind, are recognised here by the adult sense, and here also it meets once more the long-lost puddings and fruits which once satisfied its unsophisticated cravings. The sauces and condiments in which the jaded palate delights are absent, and the simplicity of the dinner can only be rivalled by the primitiveness of the hour at which it is taken. But the far simpler as it is, generally proves grateful, even if it brought none with him. Early in the morning, before the mists are yet lifted from the valley, he begins his day. A cup of tea and a morsel of bread and butter are allowed him, after which he descends, shivering, to the lower regions of the bath-room, where to be wrapped in the cold embrace of the wet sheet, or exposed to the hail of the driving rain-bath. Having recruited his energies with breakfast, he a second time descends to what he facetiously styles his *aquarium*, and is now properly treated to a pack, swathed like a mummy in many bandages, with a hot pad to his aching side, and a much pungent mustard biting his legs and feet. Midday brings dinner, with its incomparable puddings and stewed fruits worthy of rapturous mention. Then comes a period of rest, during which all exercise is forbidden, whether of body or mind. Afterwards follows a third bath, and with that the day's labours are over, and the remaining hours are devoted to amusement.

It is a quaint scene for a stranger to witness—that which the interior of the house affords. He may fancy that he is on board a giant ship, bound for a distant shore, as he paces the long saloon with its glazed side looking over towards hills which at morning and evening rise above the pale mists, like rocky islands emerging from calm waters, or as he takes his place at the narrow tables which stretch the entire length of the room, and on which he is almost astonished to see the crockery remain undisturbed by a pitch or a roll. Nor is the nautical idea less strongly suggested by the appearance of the drawing-room, with its alcoves hung with green curtains and bearing a singular resemblance to berths, its large sheets of glass through which at night the lights of distant houses twinkle like those of a scattered fleet, and its wall-frescoes so like the specimens of art with which a voyage has more or less often and far too familiarly acquainted. All to the sights which meet the eye, the sounds which strike the ear—the tramping of many feet up and down on the wooden roof overhead or on the balcony without, the dull thumping of the steam-engine, and the occasional seething of the water in the hot pipes—and the similitude is as complete as the most enthusiastic admirer of steam-vessels could desire. And the manners and customs of the place are not unlike those which prevail on board ship. The same fellow feeling is found here and there, and in each case the dread or the realisation of a common complaint acts like the touch of nature which makes all men and women kin. For all who come here have to pass through the same trial. In almost all, what is called a "crisis" is established, and, as its period is one of continual cutaneous irritation, of sleepless nights, in which the sufferer feels as if he had been rolled in a nettle-bed, or handed over to a legion of mosquitoes, and of days from which enjoyment is struck out, and unceasing annoyance too often inserted in its stead, the "crisis" is the bugbear of the house, the most inexhaustible subject of interest, and the topic on which all grow eloquent, and on which all agree. Friends may fall out on other questions, neighbours may quarrel about other matters, but sooner or later they arrive at the discussion of a "crisis," and over it once more shake hands, or "kiss again with tears."

At first, a newly-captured patient may avoid the subject as carefully as every one is obliged to keep clear of it at meal times, but after a short stay he finds himself fascinated by its magic spell, and capable of carrying on a lively conversation with a sentimental young lady whom he never saw before in his life, on the agreeable topics of bandages and pimples. He may be a little shy at first, but he soon falls into the ways of the place. Every new comer is startled at the apparitions which cross his path at early morn—the gentlemen unkempt and unshorn, their shoulders wrapped in ruddy blankets—the ladies huddled up in dressing-gowns, with hoods pulled over their unrestrained tresses, devoid of the attractions of science, innocent of crime, very different from the fairy-like beings who won his heart yesterday afternoon on the croquet-ground or last night in the drawing-room. But perhaps the strangest scene to the unaccustomed eye is that which the public rooms present after dinner. Then, for twenty minutes, the custom is to recline at full length on the sofas, each one hugging—not to his bosom exactly, but a little lower down—a yielding cushion or a tender bolster. No work or play is allowed during this period of rest, but there is no restriction upon flirtation, and accordingly that agreeable pastime is carried on with great satisfaction to all concerned. Pleasant it is in any part of the room, but chiefly so in one of the quiet little alcoves which fringe one of its sides. There, if one is fortunate enough to secure the presence of the lady of one's love, how calmly delicious is it to lie stretched out upon the couch, the lady occupying one side, the gentleman the other, divided only by some six feet of space and a round table, and having pulled the curtains so as to cut off the alcove from the rest of the world, to carry on at utter ease the thoroughly compatible occupations of digestion and flirtation. Of all the ills from which patients flee hither, none is so certain to yield to the influences of the spot as that which arises from a misplaced affection, and these alcoves and after-dinner conversations have much to do with the cure. Walk round the rooms and the grounds with any of the officials, and they will point out to you a score of convalescents. That eager croquet-player bounding after his truant ball came here listlessly dyspeptic; his florid opponent was a victim to jaundice a few weeks ago, utterly broken in spirit, and of a generally gamboge complexion. Such cases as these the guide indicates at will, but he turns with special pride to those of broken hearts, and enthusiasm sparkles in his eye, and falls in his voice, as he shows them to you—"That middle-aged gentleman, sir, as has been talking to Miss Sweetlips for the last half-hour—there, sir, leaning over the pigstye-gate—before he came here he'd sworn never to speak to a woman again, seeing how ill he'd been used by them; and the lady herself, as looks so pleased now, and not thinking a bit of the smell of the pigs, her friends sent her here because she threatened to go into a decline if she mightn't marry a young man she met last year at Scarborough." Then he turns to another couple, snugly ensconced in the corners of adjoining sofas, and exchanging bulletins of their respective healths in honeyed whispers, and again comes the same story of once blighted affections beginning here to put forth fresh leaves, and to blossom once more, of disappointments from which hydro-

pathy has washed the virulence away, and of broken hearts which a course of body bandaging has succeeded in piecing together. To all who suffer from that form of heart disease, the system here adopted may well be recommended; there the victim will meet with the solace which Nature often gives to suffering, the strength which pure air and exercise freely offer, the tonic which are supplied by the society of a number of kindly-disposed acquaintances, of whom many may be sure to find friends, and the consolation which, amid all troubles, such puddings and fruits as can here be met with are sure to dispense. And in order to obtain all this for a couple of guineas a week, the sufferer has only to take a railway ticket for Marlock Bridge, and to look about him a little when he gets there.—*London Review.*

## FENIANISM—ITS DANGER AND ITS REMEDY.

THERE is one point about this Fenian movement upon which English opinion is, we think, at least partially in error. The "insurrection" is declared contemptible because its leaders are such mean people. A schoolmaster, a tailor, a news agent, a fifth-rate journalist, a discharged convict—how, it is asked, can an agitation be formidable which has for its chiefs men of such condition as these? Unfortunately it is this very circumstance, and this alone, which in the eyes of politicians will redeem the organisation from contempt, for it imparts to it the element which statesmen most heartily fear—something which makes all received methods of calculation inapplicable. During the Indian mutiny the circumstance which of all others most embarrassed the Indian Government was this—they could never tell the limits of sepy ignorance. A regiment might be contained in a place where its destruction might be surrounded with physical certainties, might be surrounded with physical certainties, might be surrounded with physical certainties, and yet there was no security that it would not suddenly break out. One regiment mutinied in the midst of foes who destroyed it there and then; another rose nearly a thousand miles from success, with the certainty that it must march across a hostile kingdom of forty millions; a third threw a province into disorder by rebelling with less than a hundred men. When an insurrection is headed by men of education, or standing, or wealth, statesmen have some basis for calculation. They can reason, or argue, or concede, or, at worst, coerce. With an O'Connell it is possible to deal by compromise, with a Fitzgerald official measures have a meaning, even an Emmett does not fling poverty armed with sticks upon British regiments and artillery. With such men in the front a province can be kept quiet in the last resort by an exhibition of irresistible force, by troops and police, and the visible existence of preparation. They can understand even a force they do not see, and unless driven mad by oppression will not stir till they have some reasonable chance of success, will in fact act in a greater or less degree from the same motives as statesmen do, and which statesmen therefore can in some degree anticipate. But no man can anticipate even in thought the course which men like these Fenian leaders would adopt. They are capable of rebelling in a county in which they have not a hundred followers, of threatening London with the vengeance of the Irish quarter behind Great Ormond-street, of trying to seize Cork and defeat its garrison with a squad of half-drilled peasants, of hurling their followers bareheaded on to men armed with Enfield rifles! Any rumour is enough to deceive them, if only it is a rumour they like. No information is sufficient to deter them, if only it is at variance with their preconceived convictions. Ignorance is power sometimes as well as knowledge, and men who can conceive it possible for the Irish in Liverpool to take Liverpool are dangerous for reason of their imbecility—of their freedom from all the restraining influences of judgment, and foresight, and insight into facts. The Fenians had no leaders capable of perceiving that the advent of 200,000 Americans was an impossibility, of recognising the necessity of organisation, of doubting rubbishy stories about military disaffection, of in short understanding the facts with which they were about to deal. And therefore the Fenians were formidable, not indeed to the Empire, but to the peace and good order of certain Irish counties. Had they been Scotchmen, the Government would have let them alone, confident that they had no adequate means of resistance, and certain that they would never rise until they had. On the celebrated 10th of April, 1848, the city which after London required the most attention was Glasgow, where the Chartists were exceedingly strong, and had unusual facilities for defying both the soldiery and police. The Home Secretary, however, contented himself with a quiet order that no message not official should be transmitted from London to Glasgow, and sat quite secure. He knew perfectly well that the canny Scotch operatives, however full of political feeling, would never stir till they knew their friends were in overt movement, would never fling themselves away in an isolated insurrection, would never refuse to recognise any existing facts. He was perfectly right; nobody moved in Glasgow, but the precaution as applied to Fenians would have been an imbecility. They would not have been able to see that isolation was dangerous, would have invented some wild story to account for the non-arrival of telegrams, and would have precipitated themselves on the soldiers out of sheer incapacity to understand political facts. The *Northen Whig*, we see, thinks it very hard that Irishmen should be called children, and so it may be, but it is not hard that Fenians should be so called, but only kindly. No one knows better than that journal that had a strong rumour floated through Cork of the arrival of an American fleet, the Fenians of that city were perfectly capable of announcing that the hour had arrived, and declaring war on the British Empire. That is childishness, and childishness of a kind which for the child's own sake requires a moderate application of the rod. To argue that Fenianism was not dangerous because no one of education, or position, or military skill was connected with it, is simply to argue that a madman is not dangerous because he has no sense.

It is very difficult for Englishmen, accustomed always to seek practical ends, to discuss Fenianism without trying to discover a remedy for the evil; but we believe the Irish observers are right. There is no remedy except perhaps time and education. Medicine cannot discover a drug which will cure hypochondria, nor statesmanship a law which will eradicate from the minds of the people a false ideal. The body may be brought into a condition with which hypochondria is incompatible, and Ireland may be raised to a state in which disaffection will seem absurd; but there is no specific for the nation, any more than for the man. It is the peasants' ideal which needs changing,

and laws can never effect an ideal. It is the nobler part of the Irish cottier which is in fault—his imagination which is diseased, his power of self-sacrifice which is dangerous, his unselfish pursuit of Utopia for his country which compels Government to employ force, and it is very difficult to legislate virtues out. There are grievances existing in Ireland which ought to be redressed, which the Liberal party is greatly in the wrong not to redress immediately, but there is no proof that redress will in itself extinguish Fenianism. Fidelity of creeds will not conciliate men who hate the foreign priest-rather less virulently than their own, a new tenure will not satisfy men dreaming of a new nationality, even social equality—the habitual courtesy of treatment which Englishmen as a nation refuse to everybody—will not assuage the thirst for social superiority. "I shall soon be above you," said one poor conspirator to the magistrates, and when a man has dreamed such dreams, a regime of justice looks but a pale substitute. There is nothing for it but to wait till education has done its usual work, and the ideal has expanded, as it must do sooner or later, from that of an independent, very rich, very glorious, and very highly coloured Ireland, to that of a great free Empire, of which Ireland and England shall be equally only parts. The change has occurred in Scotland without eradicating localism, and it may occur also in Ireland. The way to hasten it is, we believe, to do what we did do in Scotland, get the local institutions into some sort of harmony with the genius of the people. As Scotland has her separate religious life and separate code of law, so Ireland must have the separate land system which is the distinctive crave of the race which occupies it. Everywhere on the Continent the Celtic race has secured to the cultivator the ownership of the soil, and thus changed the most mutable of all the families of men into the most conservative. The same process must be repeated in Ireland, not by confiscation, but by rendering land as saleable as a watch, in which case the small cultivator will ultimately bid highest, giving fifty years' purchase, as he does in Belgium, or attacking the waste, as he does in Aberdeenshire, or by so re-arranging the relation of landlord and tenant that mutual confidence is possible. It is not possible while the tenant has to make the improvement, and then to till his farm exposed to the risk of losing it at the discretion of another man, who has a direct interest in exercising that discretion against him. It is not possible while the tenant has always to deal with a middleman who exercises over him all the power of a landlord, but has none of the interest a landlord necessarily acquires in the prosperity and contentment of the tenantry. If agrarian outrage had disappeared Ireland would be at this moment the least criminal country in Europe, and the cause of agrarian outrage is the fact that the race which tills has one set of opinions about tenure, and the race which owns another. The latter set may be the juster, as they are certainly the simpler, but until they are brought into harmony there can, among an agricultural people, be no genuine content, none of that deep reverence for institutions which kills Fenianism and similar follies. Scarcely a section of the Irish people are Fenian even in sympathies, yet from the absence of this conservative impulse even that fraction can throw whole counties into disorder, drive away troops, arrest profitable projects, and make a country side shiver with fear because an armed vessel has been seen on an unusual corner of the coast. There are more Irish than any English counties in September than there are Fenians in any Irish county, yet they might talk treason for ever without disturbing the farmers' equanimity. The supercilious weight is too great for them, and if we could but create a class of yeoman proprietors or of contented tenants, so also it would be in Ireland. The Fenian leaders are contemptible, their means are trifling, their organization is ludicrously defective, but the more these facts are urged the more pressing becomes the radical question—what is the evil existing in Ireland that the haughtiest Government in the world, which habitually turns to all dangers the same aspect of patient scorn, should depart from its best loved principles in order to arrest fifty or sixty obscure folk for talking treason and drilling with big sticks? As we believe, the cause is the application of a tenure peculiar to one civilization, namely, absolute ownership, to the land occupied by men really belonging to another. The removal of that evil will not, as we said, abolish Fenianism, but it will abolish the causes which make Fenianism dangerous, and will ultimately change the ideal in search of which Irish peasants are now willing to risk life and liberty. Irish selfishness has already strongly allied itself with England, the point now remaining is to bind to ourselves also Irish self-sacrifice.—*Spectator.*

## NOTINGS FROM NAPLES.

(By the Special Correspondent of the Liverpool Albion.)

Sunday, October 15.  
On Thursday night there was excitement in this city such as had not been experienced since the last fighting took place in its streets. About half-past 9 o'clock lightning, the most vivid I have ever seen, began to flash through the sky and down to the very ground, illuminating the whole town with a blue light at intervals of a few seconds. Loud thunder and torrents of rain accompanied the lightning. The rain drove everybody indoors; but the illumination was so brilliant that it was watched from every window, so that the entire city was all astir, when, suddenly, at about half-past 10, the report of a cannon was heard, and immediately after fire was seen to rise as if from the bay, and to make the mountains on the other side, and even Caprea, distinctly visible from most points in the city. Higher and higher it rose, and wider it spread, till it seemed to cover half Naples. There was a red pink, and as the lightning flashed through it and the thunder roared with awful tumult, the scene was a grand and most extraordinary one. Every stranger here thought that an eruption of Mount Vesuvius was occurring. The citizens themselves did not know what to make of it. There was a general rush in the direction of the bay, and in a few minutes it became known that the arsenal was on fire. As there was an extensive magazine filled with all sorts of inflammable materials in the centre of the arsenal, the greatest fears were entertained for the city, and the alarm given on the occasion by the military, the National Guards, and the firemen, was heroic. It is customary with most of the officers of the regiments stationed here, to assemble at the leading cafes during the evening. On this occasion the tables in these establishments were deserted by a simultaneous movement, and such of the commanding officers as happened to be in these houses ran to the rescue with equal alacrity, as did also the citizens of all classes. The first efforts of the firemen were directed to the magazine, so as to render it harmless. They next applied themselves to prevent the fire from

spreading to any other quarter than that in which it had broken out. In this they were completely successful. By twelve o'clock they had subdued the flames very considerably; but not till six in the morning did they feel justified in returning to their stations. Colonel del Giudice, the chief of the pompiers, or firemen, was very severely injured on the occasion by the falling of a portion of one of the buildings in the arsenal, and six of the men under his command were more or less hurt. All sorts of reports are afloat as to the origin of the fire. Some persons will have it that it was the act of an incendiary who intended to destroy the whole city, but it is to be hoped that there is no foundation for this belief. The gun had been fired by a frigate, the crew of which had been the first to observe the fire. By Friday morning all appearance of the heavy rain had passed away, and since then the weather has been delightful.

The discussions which took place at the time Victor Emmanuel became King of Italy, as to which of the Italian cities should be the capital, cannot be wondered at by any one who has visited them. Milan is a large and fine city, with an energetic population and a growing commerce. It is more like what should be the capital of a go-ahead sovereign than Florence; but Florence is more central, and it is so beautiful, likewise, with its colossal statues here, there, and everywhere. You have no need to search in galleries at Florence for works of art. You come upon them out of doors in every street, and in some places, such as the piazza of the Uffizi Gallery, you meet them in scores. Then as to the Baboli Gardens, adjoining the Palace, the present residence of the King. Where are there gardens of such extent, which are at once so beautiful and command such a prospect? Rome, from its historic associations and the treasure which it contains in art, would, no doubt, be the King of Italy's capital if he had it; but Milan, Florence, and Rome, in point of natural beauty and attraction, is each inferior, very inferior, to Naples. "See Naples and die" is the old saying with reference to this splendid city; and it is no wonder that its appearance should inspire enthusiasm in its favour. It is not easy to imagine how any city could be more delightfully situated; and it is almost as difficult to understand how any King with such a capital, and with a residence in such a portion of it as that in which the Royal Palace stands, would not have fought to the death rather than give it up. It has frequently been stated that the Neapolitans are dissatisfied with their new ruler, and would prefer to have Francis II. back as their king. I don't believe it. One can very well understand why they should wish to see Naples the residence of the sovereign himself. In the strict sense of the word, of course, it has sunk to be a provincial city; but it never had a more fashionable or lively appearance than at present. I don't know of any street in Europe, not even excepting Regent-street or the Rue de Rivoli, which is more splendid or animated during the day-time than the Strada del Toledo. At gas-light it is a sight worth coming to Naples to see. I have never anywhere seen so handsome a street. It is about three-quarters of a mile in length, nearly straight, and is on an incline from its commencement at the piazza in front of the Royal Palace, to its end and highest point at the Largo dello Spirito Santo. The houses, the fronts of which are painted in different colours—one house being pink and another white or yellow, are six stories in height. To every window there are green Venetian shutters on the outside, and a balcony. Many of the shops along this Strada are equal to any to be seen in the Boulevards in Paris; and it is intersected by numerous streets, which rise in steep ascents and open up a delightful view of the heights on which stands the renowned Castle of St. Elmo. The change from Rome to Naples is one that must be experienced to be appreciated. At Rome even the jeweller's shops and cafes have an air of solemnity about them, and the Corso is dignified rather than brilliant. There is very little spirit in the streets, and business is conducted with great gravity. At Naples all is life and bustle. Nothing Neapolitan is heavy. The commercial and the amusing are united in a manner that is not found elsewhere; and certainly if the inhabitants are grieving for Francis II., they have a most unusual mode of displaying sorrow.

In a former letter I observed that both at Milan and Florence the hawking and shouting out of newspapers was something surprising. Here this business is carried out to a still greater extent. The newspapers published in Naples every day are very numerous, and the usual price of them is one sold, or about a halfpenny each. I have before me three of this evening's journals—*Il Popolo D'Italia*, *La Conciliatore*, and *La Verita*—which I purchased that price. They are single sheets of very small size. There is a journal called *La Roma*, published at mid-day, and the pace at which the newboys dash through the Toledo when it is issued, and the frantic manner in which they call it out, must lead a stranger to suppose that it contained the intelligence of some event at least as important as another change of dynasty in Italy. I have seen but few pictures of Garibaldi here, but here and there I have noticed little cheap plaster statues of him. Photographs of Victor Emmanuel's by no means handsome countenance appear in most of the print shops, but I don't think there is any great affection for him personally. His military officers stationed at Naples cut a great dash. Most of them are young and good-looking fellows, and their uniforms are very rich and becoming. There is a trade carried on here which I have not seen followed in any other city. At the corners of the numerous streets intersecting the Toledo, women sit with little tables and heaps of copper money before them. At first I was puzzled to make out what this meant, but on inquiring from one of them I learnt all about it. They give a premium with the copper coinage in return for coins of silver or gold, and a high one, too. In an exchange of five francs they hand you two soldi, or for a golden piece of twenty francs they give an equivalent in copper with a bonus of twelve soldi. There must be a glut of Italian copper coinage in the market as compared with the precious metals.

A thing which I confess I cannot fathom is the mystery of Italian postage. You receive every courtesy but very little reliable information at the Post Offices. At the General Post Office in Florence two of the clerks told me that it took four days for a letter to reach Paris from that city. A third official assured me it reached the French capital on the second day after that of departure. I know not whether you received either of my letters from Rome in time for the issues in which I intended they should appear. The first I posted on a Tuesday afternoon, at the General Post Office, a clerk there telling me it would be in London on the Friday following. I had serious doubts of this, but I calculated myself that it would reach there on Saturday morning; but to make assurance doubly sure with the next letter, I brought it to the Post Office on a Monday

afternoon. On asking the clerk who received it what day it would be in London, he told me Sunday. I immediately walked over to another official and put the question to him. He said "Saturday;" another who was listening corrected him by saying "Sunday;" when a third, an old and experienced looking official, said "No, Friday!" On arriving at this city one of the first things I did was to inquire what time it took for a letter to reach Paris. The receiving-clerk told me from five to six days, and that though some are sent by land they go quicker via sea from Naples to Genoa. How all this can be I am at a loss to understand, since on the morning of Wednesday, say, the French papers of the previous Sunday morning are in Rome, and they are here on the Wednesday evening. A letter posted to me in London on the 2nd, and directed "Poste restante, Rome," was not delivered to me till the 10th, though I had called at the post-office every day for some days previously, and the letter bore the Roman post-mark of the 7th. The fumigation which letters undergo in Italy now adds to the irregularity and uncertainty, so that I allow this one week, in the hope that by so doing it may reach you in time.

## ASCENT OF MR. COXWELL'S GREAT BALLOON FROM THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

(From the Illustrated London News.)

MR. COXWELL'S great balloon, named the Researcher, having been restored or reconstructed since the perilous adventure of July 4, when it carried off Mr. Runge, a passenger from Belfast, who had a narrow escape of being drowned in the open Atlantic or dashed upon the rocks of the Irish coast, made a successful ascent from the Crystal Palace on Monday, October 9th. It carried ten persons in the car, and ballast equal to the weight of twelve persons more; Captain T. Leslie, of the Guards; Captain Woodgate, Mr. Boswell, Mr. Dumas, and friend Mr. C. Spencer, and Mr. Dale being among the party. It had rained heavily during the afternoon; and at half-past four, when the balloon rose, Mr. Coxwell remarks, "the lower cloud, one widespread mass, hung heavily over the Crystal Palace, and the tops of the towers were partially obscured before we left the grounds. In less than one minute we were lost to sight. The balloon rose slowly until it entered a stratum of leaden-looking vapour, which was visibly darker than that which we had passed through. No sooner did the top of the Researcher enter this nimbus than water poured downwards in a circular sheet, and from its apparent distance from the car it was just the semi-diameter of the balloon. Previously the rain ran down the sides of the balloon and covered us by shooting down the neck; so that here, in one of the darkest clouds I had ever passed through, it was evident we had entered the very fountain of rainfall. Knowing that the weight of the balloon would be increased a hundredweight or two, I requested six gentlemen to be prepared with ballast-bags; but before taking a turn we struggled upwards 500 feet, according to two excellent aneroid barometers, and during that passage the temperature decreased six degrees. We soon began to descend rapidly. The visitors in the palace ground could perceive the balloon before we obtained a glimpse of the earth, and they feared we should come down to the ground; but after Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 had respectively delivered their sand, the tremendous weight of water encountered was equiposed to a nicety, and we were brought to a standstill. I found that we were now only 200 feet from the earth, and that the balloon had performed a complete circle from the place of starting. The North Tower appeared to be the axis upon which we had turned. Again we rose, and, on entering the line of dark cloud, I requested the passengers to be motionless, as I observed a peculiar vibratory motion of the balloon and car, such as accompanies its passage from still air to an aerial wave of wind and storm. I inferred that we were either entering a fresh current or moving upwards with a spiral motion; and, when we again descended and found that we had made another sweep round the North Tower, it was clear that a miniature cyclone prevailed, and that we were wearing away in circles, and not in the customary straight course of movement. The first gyration took us in a north-westerly direction—at least, we found ourselves in that line when we sighted the earth, as we were going in the lower current towards the West End. On making the second descent, we were over Forest Hill, moving to the north-east. We again charged the drenching cloud and broke through it, at 1700 feet high, where a greyish uniform fog prevailed, which shed minute drops of rain. On getting 3000 feet elevation we decided that as there was little enjoyment to be had, it was better to cast about for a landing-place. When we dipped again into the dense rain-cloud and received bucketful of water, no one was sorry when the falling water, like falling sand, disipated itself into those moderate sized particles such as surrounded us before starting. I have frequently noticed that under opposite states of cloud-formation rain begins high up in fine drops, and a coalition appears to take place before it reaches the ground; but on the present occasion, we were deluged at 1500 feet high, and at 500 feet over Sydenham hills it altered to small by degrees, and then beautifully less. We alighted very gently on the grounds of Mr. Peter H. Devises, at Lewisham." That gentleman, it appears, gave Mr. Coxwell and his companions a most hospitable and kindly welcome.

It may be recollected that when, after the disaster of last July, the Researcher came down at nightfall in the Island of Islay, it seemed to have been almost cut to pieces; the sea and the sand had found an entrance through its severed sides; and, as the tide ebbed, the remnants were collected, and it was soon known to whom the property belonged. On being returned to Mr. Coxwell, at Tottenham, the pieces, amounting to more than two hundred, completely covered a field of two acres near the aeronaut's residence; but, as it had been very beautifully decorated, and embellished, moreover, with stars of gold, Mr. Coxwell determined to attempt the work of reconstruction. After two months' laborious exertion, the balloon was re-made; and, during its recent exhibition in the concert-room of the Crystal Palace, very few traces could be detected either of the work of demolition or of restoration. The Researcher is composed of fifty gores, each gore being 44 inches wide at the centre and 105 feet long. It contains about 112,000 cubic feet of gas.

Dr. Mudd, who was sentenced to imprisonment for life for assisting in the escape of Booth, the assassin, recently made an attempt to escape from the Dry Tortugas. He was found secreted in the coal bunkers of the steamer Thomas Scott, and was covered with coal dust, into which an officer thrust his sword, producing a cry of pain from the concealed man. Mudd was put to hard labour, and was sentenced to the minister of the Harbourside Methodist New Connection Chapel in Miami, and it is rumoured that he has eloped with a young lady of the same connexion. He has left a wife and two children in Harbourside.



COASTERS INWARDS.—DECEMBER 25.  
Morpeth (s.), from Morpeth, with 197 bales hay, 47 bags maize, 20 bags barley, 12 bags potatoes, 33 hides, 1 bale skins, and sundries; Paterson (s.), from Morpeth, with 83 bales hay, 70 bales wool, 13 casks fruit, and sundries.

Parmer; 50 cases schnapps, Wilkinson, Brothers; 80 bags coffee, Gilchrist, Watt, and Co.; 14 bales raisins, Lorimer, Marwood, and Home; 1 case fruit, J. G. Cohen; 1 case fruit, Levy; 1 parcel, G. O. Etheredge; 2 cases sewing machines, Stanford and Co.; 1

**SHIPS' MAILS.**  
MAILS will close at the General Post Office as follows:—

**CUSTOM HOUSE.**—Notice.—This day (Tuesday) being a general

24th, passed the outer range (s.), 30° E., Wilson's Promontory. At 9.45 a.m., on the 24th, passed the Mail steamer Ellora, 6s E. of Wilson's Promontory. At 10.30 a.m., on the 24th, passed a.s. City of Melbourne, about 75 miles East of Wilson's Promontory. Had moderate and light breezes from S.W. to W. up to Cape

For Louis, bringing a cargo of sugar, part of which is consigned to Messrs. Giles and Smith, and the balance to a firm in New Zealand. She is commanded by Captain H. M'Ewan, the same who in years gone past sailed the steamer *Admella* till her unfortunate loss near Cape Northumberland; and it was rather a singular

thirty-two days, with the disadvantage of foul winds during half that time. She made Cape Borda on Sunday morning, after being five days only from the meridian of the Sound. A fatal occurrence on the 16th deprived the vessel of the ship carpenter, who is described as being a most steady man, having a wife and three

advice, however, was disregarded, and after a few moments he was missed from the barque without any person's attention being arrested. It is therefore concluded he had got into the head and lost his hold, for nothing of him was seen afterwards. —S. A. Register, December 19.

nanced by her builder O'Shea. Then we have the outrigger race, in which our champion, K. Green, will compete with H. White and J. Howard; and we fully expect to see Green in his old trim, although his training has been very limited, and finally there is the open boat race, in which Tarragon, Ohio, and Tormont

**MELBOURNE.**  
ARRIVALS.

DEPARTURES.  
December.—Wave of Life, for London, Sydney Griffiths,  
Alexandra, for Newcastle; Sarah, for Sydney.

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NEW YORK.

*To the Editor of the Herald.*  
 Sir,—I observe in your impression of this morning a few remarks under the above head, which are calculated to induce your readers to take for granted the superiority of the *Alerte* over the

The course, on Saturday, in all three instances named, was about two points off the wind, and in such a course, with smooth

It is unusual, and scarcely fair, to claim superiority from a chance meeting on an ordinary pleasure cruise, but during the

Sydney, 25th December.

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**SYDNEY HEADS.**

S.E. Ditto, and cloudy.

H.Y.

High Water at

**The Suden Morning Herald**

THE attempt to limit the operation of the new *ad valorem* duties to one, two, or even three

the Assembly, if true to its traditions, would resent any alteration in a Money Bill, and certainly is little likely to accept at the suggestion

circumstances the Council is not likely to reject the whole bill, though under other conditions it might have been justified

out of themselves. It will require a special effort of legislation to get rid of them, and before this can be effected the revenue must have

to do without them, or else some other taxes must be substituted. The probabilities of either alternative may be calculated by those who think that they can see in advance

to persuade it that any portion of that revenue can be surrendered. We have seen how tenaciously it clings even to small items. The ten-

lance will be needed to see that the money now placed at the control of the Government is appropriated to the purposes for which it is

On no account must that deficit be added to the permanent debt. The

It is easy to see that great efforts will be made by the protectionist and semi-protectionist

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lows:—"I have no doubt that if the contractor have any portion of the loan in his hands, and

BRAZIL AND RIVER PLATE.—THE BATTLE  
ON THE TUNICANA.

HENRY GRINNELL, Esq., has received a letter which Mr. Hall wrote to Captain Chappel, to be forwarded to Mr. Grinnell, from which we are permitted to

deputies, and threatening that if the Senate prove refractory "other measures" would be adopted. I

16, 1865.

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